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STUDENT

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PORT HURON, MICHIGAN



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IN appreciation of his friendship and untiring efforts with our athletic teams; and because we hope this will in a meager way express our good wishes for him, this book is dedicated.



THE TIME OF JOY

If, in the records of distant ages,
Or in the life of the present day,
Or thru the veil of the misty future,
With zeal and with courage undaunted we look,
Seeking and hunting in all the world wide
The time that great joy to most doth bring,
Gladness and peace and great hope to mankind,
Time and all History these words will sing:
Joy to most men comes on Christmas Day,
Joyous, merry, happy, Christmas Day!

Then thru the clouds of the thousand ages,
Then shines the sun of a perfect day;
Then thru the storms of the living people
Comes there a pause in the work or play.
Peaceful and joyful in all our hearts wide,
The day we discover most joyous to man,
And ever to men seeking the day of great joy,
Time and all History these words will sing:
Joy to most men comes on Christmas Day,
Joyous, merry, happy, Christmas Day!

—GRACE DONALDSON, '17.

Tourist (at British Museum)—“Have you no skull of Cromwell?”

Guide—“No, sir.”

Tourist—“How very queer, there is a fine one at Oxford.”

“How can I keep my feet from going to sleep?”

“Don't let them turn in.”

Freshman—“Say, I wonder how the deaf mutes would know when there was a fire in their school?”

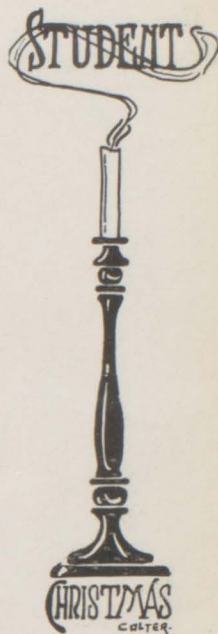
Carl Smith—“Why they would ring the dumb-bells, of course!”

Illusions of a Freshman by One Who Knows or the Fable of the Guy Who Saw the Light Too Late

Once upon a Time there lived a Guy in that great north central Metropolis called Greenville, who, upon graduating from the eighth grade came to the conclusion that life in the Suburbs was a Beastly Bore and that a year or two of High School Life in the city would be an excellent rest cure, to say nothing of its Social Advantages. In view of this, the Summer months found him in the Central Pharmacy dishing out Chocolate Sundaes to the Frivolous and Fastidious of Greenville in order that he might Purchase and Flourish a greater number of hopelessly brilliant neckties than any of his future class mates.

The month of September saw him luxuriously established in his palatial suite of two cells and bath at the Y. M. C. A. The next day he enrolled at school. Now this Freshman had his own ideas as to the efficacy of Work as a cure for all ills. His Conception of the Horny Hands of Toil was a calloused Thumb from turning the pages of his guide, mentor and vade mecum, the "Cosmo." As a Lily of the field he Toiled not, neither did he Spin, He shied from Labor like Water on a Duck's back and when ever he Found himself Scheduled for anything requiring an out put of Effort on his part, he beat a Strategic retreat that would have made a Russian general in the Early days of the War green with Professional envy.

The energy he spent in avoiding Anything that had even the Outward Appearance of Work would have enabled a teacher of geometry to make her Junior Class understand the forty-seventh problem of Euclid with out more than six explanations and a sledge hammer. He was a living example of the Principle of the conservation of Energy. And as he Ambled aimlessly down the Primrose path of Least Resistance he failed to notice that it always led Down Hill.





Not that he was Wooden. He might have been a live wire if he Hadn't had so much Resistance. He had the Rep. of being a Savoir in his Home Town. He merely suffered from Hysteresis of the Brain.

His intellect was Mildewed from Lack of Exercise, for you don't have to think to read the "Cosmo" you know. That is only a form of Disease and he had never been Vaccinated with the Serum of Common Sense. At least, if he Had, it never took. No mere Myers' Ancient History could come between him and his Geo. Barr McCutcheon.

When the fall term was well on its way he gave it the Once over and said, "Fruit, My line of Bull will see me through. I'll make the Faculty crawl upon its knees and eat out of my Hand. There ain't that teacher living that I can't Bluff for a 75." Wherein he showed that he wot not of what he Spake. October he boned not at all, and, flunked hopelessly in Algebra. November, he boned a little more and failed in a couple of other Subjects. December, he began to See the Chirography on the Wall and considered the Late Lights Proposition. But the teachers were Wise to his Kind; they had his Number and gave him the Thumbs down. January, the review month, was a Straw for the drowning Boob to clutch, but he couldn't fill the Vacuum it took Four months to create. In the mid-year exams

Some one hit him with a Codfish ball,
Soon his trunk and Satchel were in the hall,
Soon he paid his "Y" bill at the Secretary's desk and
Soon a little P. M. train was carrying him west.

And now he is jerking Sodas at \$5.00 per.

Moral:—A week of Boning in September is worth six in January.

—DOROTHY DUNCAN, '17.

"Bridget, why did you let that policeman kiss you?"
"It's against the law to resist an officer, ma'am."

Down in Latin



The principal of Court High School sat at the desk in his private office. A sharp knock on the door caused him to lift his head and call, "Come in! Oh! it's you, Dean. What can I do for you?"

The young man who had entered was tall, just missing six feet by a very few inches, and good looking, tho' not too much so. His face wore a very down hearted expression which did not change as he spoke. "Mr. Gavis, the coach has told me that I can't play in the Hartford game and I wish to speak to you about it."

"Why, how's that Dean? I thought you were one of our strongest players."

"It isn't that, sir; I'm down in Latin."

Oh yes, I remember. But you know our rules Dean. We must be very strict about such things. Let's see, what were your standings?" He reached for the record and opened it. "Dean—; Algebra 80, History 78, Latin 45—pretty low."

"But I wanted to ask you if I couldn't get Mr. Green to give me another examination."

I will try to help you Dean. If you can find Mr. Green bring him here please."

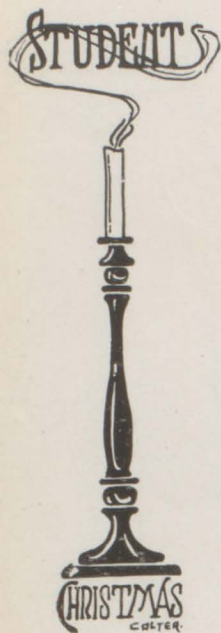
Dean soon reappeared with the Latin instructor following him.

"Mr. Green, Dean is down in Latin, I hear. Do you think it would be advisable to give him another test so he can play in the Hartford game?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Gavis, Dean has been doing pretty poor work this year. I hardly believe he could make up so much."

"If you will give me this chance, Mr. Green, I am sure I can make it," pleaded the young man, looking more dejected than ever.

The instructor glanced inquiringly at the principal who



after a minute's reflection nodded smilingly at him and said, "Well, Mr. Green, if you are willing to help the boy, I will give my permission." Rising and laying a hand on Dean's shoulder, he continued, "I wish you would devote a little of your foot ball energy to your studies, Dean. We should surely have cause to be proud of you then. I hope you will make good use of this opportunity."

Dean thanked them both and then hurried outside to tell the good news to Balmer, the captain of the eleven, who was waiting for him.

"Did you get it? Hurrah! Now I'll make you work. No more nights for you Dean; but I'll help, old man."

That evening at seven sharp, Dean's tutor came prepared to spend the first of a number of nights battling with Latin verbs. After a combined search they managed to find a Latin grammar, and then sat down to find out just how much he did know.

"I guess I'll have you conjugate 'sum' first, Mr. Dean," said Balmer, assuming what he imagined to be a teacher's manner in the school room. Dean started bravely, getting thru the present tense with ease, faltering on the past, and breaking down completely on the future.

"It's no use Balmer," he cried, "I can't do it. I'll never be able to pass that test."

Balmer gazed wonderingly at him. "Well, I'll say you don't know much about it, myself. How did you ever get thru the first year?"

"I don't know. I'm going to give up the whole thing."

"See here, Dean, you'll have to stop talking like this. You know if I put a sub in your place he'll lose his head. I'm here to help you, and I'll try to find out what Mr. Green is going to give you on your test."

True to his promise, he arrived the next night armed with the desired information, and night after night found them in Dean's room, coats off, going earnestly thru Caesar's retreats and advances.

Two weeks later, confident of passing his examination,

Dean reported at Mr. Green's room. The Latin teacher was not there. From a student in the hall he learned that Mr. Green had left early that afternoon for his home, a distance of some sixty miles, and would not be back until Sunday. Filled with rage at the teacher's forgetfulness, Dean strode angrily to the principal's office. Without waiting to knock he threw open the door and quickly stepped inside.

"Mr. Gavis," he began excitedly, "Mr. Green has left and forgotten to give me my examination in Latin."

Mr. Gavis looked up annoyed at the sudden interruption. "Well then, Dean, you'll have to wait," he replied coldly.

"But if I don't take the examination, I can't play in the game tomorrow."

"I'm sorry, Dean, but it is all your own fault. We require the boys who play on the team to keep up in their work."

"Couldn't someone else give me my examination?" persisted Dean.

"No; Mr. Green is the only one who understands your work," and with that the principal turned again to his desk, ending the discussion.

Dean walked out of the office in a daze, scarcely able to believe that all the hopes, for which he had worked so hard, could be shattered thus easily. Leaving the school he started quickly for home, going out of his way in order not to pass the field where the team was having a final practice.

Balmer felt no uneasiness at Dean's absence from practice, as he knew of the impending examination. But anxious to hear the results he hurried over after supper and inquired for Dean, and was told he was up in his room. There he found him, lying prone upon the bed with his head buried in his arms, and listened while Dean brokenly told him of his disappointment.

"Never mind, old man," he said trying to sound more cheerful than he felt. "We'll fix it up some way. Come on to the mass meeting and forget it for a while."

"Do you think I could go there now, when all the fellows think I'm going to play?" Feeling the lump come into his





throat, he wished desperately that Balmer would leave, for he could not bear to have even his best friend, who had stood so staunchly by him, and urged him on during the last two weeks see him acting so childishly. Balmer must have sensed his feeling, for after an understanding slap on the back, he quickly left.

The time for the game to be called was half past two, but already at two the sidelines were thronged and people were pouring in at the entrance. The Hartford warriors had brought a large crowd of rooters with them and from their stand on the north side they sent a burst of songs and yells across the field. These the Court supporters answered back in no poor style, under the direction of their agile yell-master, Heeter.

Wesley Balmer, on his way to the dressing rooms heard his name called, and turning saw Dean's sister beckoning to him.

"Oh Wes, do you know where Bob is?" she asked excitedly.

"Isn't he here? He must be on the field some place."

"He hasn't been home all morning, and the machine is gone, too. Mother is so worried because he didn't come home at noon."

Troubled and anxious he continued on his way to the dressing room, telling himself that Dean would surely be there. But only the team standing around Byers, the coach, were to be seen, and he could tell that they were just learning that Dean was not going to play. None of them could remember having seen him that morning and it was a none too confident captain who led his men out five minutes later.

Over the field the two elevens spread, while cheer after cheer rang out. There came a bare five minutes of punting, dropping, passing and snapping before the officials appeared and gathered the opposing captains to them. A coin spun in the air, descended and was caught. The cheering ceased, the whistle sounded shrilly and the new ball soared in the air. Down it settled in the arms of the Court right half back who



tucked it under his arm and started toward the distant goal. Eight yards was all he made before a Hartford man crashed down upon him. Then came a quick line up and the ball was put through the line again and again, each time for a good gain. The Court rooters shouted their triumph. Within the next six minutes the ball was put over the line and a goal kicked.

Both teams lined up again for the kick off with Hartford receiving. Through came Smith, the heavy fullback, with the ball stowed safely in his arms. He easily made five yards. Another line up. Again and again the fullback was given the ball, and this time a battle began in which the wearers of the Crimson were pushed back and the Blues pursued. Gains were made everywhere and anywhere. The guards and tackles yielded time and again as though they were half the size of their opponents. Once Hartford fumbled and lost the ball, but shortly recovered it, and the mass moved back again over the lost ground nearer to the Court goal. The Crimson defensive made a desperate stand on her ten-yard line and succeeded in staying her opponent for a short time, but it was only a matter of a few minutes when Hartford hurled her fullback through at last for a touchdown.

For several minutes the Hartford rooters went mad. Court made no attempt to drown their cheers, but here and there, crimson flags waved defiantly at the hurling blue.

They made their goal easily, and the Crimson line returned disheartened again to play. For the rest of the half the players surged up and down the field, neither making more than small gains over the other. When the whistle for the second half blew each team was fully determined to fight as it had never fought before. So determined were they that they worked up and down, getting dangerously near the enemy's goal, only to be brought back again. The end of the third quarter came as a distinct relief to players and spectators alike. Surely something must happen either way now. Both teams could not possibly hold out as they were doing. Balmer, though hating to admit it, even to himself, felt that his men



were weakening though it be ever so little. The referee was lifting the whistle to his lips, when a mighty shout burst from the sidelines. Tearing across the field in his football attire, head gear in hand, came Dean. The substitute left half, without being told quickly retired to the lines, and Dean ran panting into his place.

The feelings of the principal, who was present, were mixed. His first impulse was to go and order Dean from the field, but to tell the truth he was overjoyed at seeing him, and knew if the team stood any chance of winning, Dean must play. He was decidedly human, and while he hesitated, he was lost, for the whistle to play shrilled over the field.

With the sudden appearance of Dean, new courage seemed to be instilled into the Court players. Dean was hard worked, but fresher than the rest of the team. Again and again he plugged away at the opposing line—first right, then left. Twice in the next five minutes the ball, by the hardest kind of work, was placed in the ten-yard line, and twice it was lost on downs and sent back to mid-field. The time-keepers claimed the game almost done. With only five minutes left to play, it only remained, as it seemed, for Hartford to hold the plunging Crimson line back and keep the game a tie, and so win what would have been as good as a victory. Down came the Crimson once more to the twenty-yard line, but here they stopped. On a pass from quarter to left halfback, Dean fumbled the ball, dived after it and fell on a Hartford guard, who had plunged through and lay with the pigskin safe beneath him.

Dean's agony was torturing, as he picked himself up; to do such a thing when he knew they depended on him to save the day! He turned away from the almost tearful glance of Hollins, the quarter. In the next few minutes he must make a touchdown, or he felt he could never live it down.

Hartford kicked the ball and Dorpe, the Court full, had it, was off, and then tackled. The cheers from the north side were so deafening that Dean could scarcely hear the quarter's voice giving the signal. The play was one with which he and

the rest of the backfield were familiar, and its only chance of success lay in deceiving the opponents.

The ball was snapped, the quarter ran back a few steps, made a short pass to Brench, who in turn pased it to Dean, who then sped toward the right end of the line. The Hartford end leaped up at him but was disposed of by Brench. The goal-posts loomed far down the field, and tearing toward him came the heavy fullback Smith. The shouts grew so loud that they drowned all sounds of pursuit. Dean felt his strength giving away, but only ran the faster. When it seemed that he could no longer escape him Dean dived to one side, half fell, recovered himself, and ran on, with the ball still safe.

By this time the rest of the pursuers were almost at his side. Every second he imagined he felt a clutch on his arm, and every second he tho't he must give up.

Over the five-yard line he went, and at the same instant a hand tightened on his arm. But four more yards to go and he could feel the arms around his waist. Exerting himself still more, he dragged his tackler a few more strides and then threw himself on the ground, holding his arms out as far as he could, with the ball at the end of his fingers. It was over.

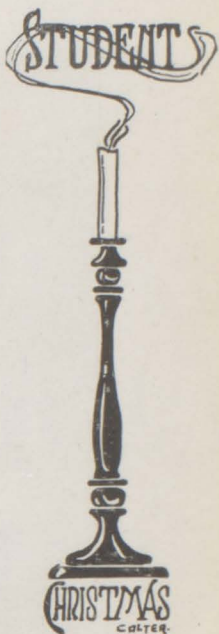
The whole crowd seemed to go mad. Dorpe turned somersault after somersault, and those less gifted yelled what little voice they had left hoarse, and pounded each other blue.

When they would have put Dean on their shoulders and carried him off the field, he broke away from them and ran to the dresing rooms, but soon reappeared. As he suspected Mr. Gavis made his way quickly to him, but before the principal could say anything Dean thrust a note into his hands. Mr. Gavis opened it and read:

My dear Mr. Gavis.:

Dean reported to me this morning after a three hours' ride and took his examination, which I so unfortunately forgot to give him. He surprised me by his sudden knowledge of the subject, and I am pleased to give him a mark of 95.

Yours sincerely, F. J. GREEN.
—MARY LOHRSTORFER, '16.





A Page of "Snaps"

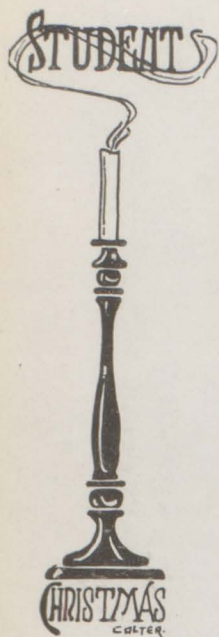
Advice to Freshmen

Now, children, this is purely a letter of advice to those who are contemplating a course in the hall of learning, commonly called the high school. In the first place, the word is supposed to mean a place of more learning, but this word is frequently misconstrued, some people thinking that the high school is a fine place to pass away the time, playing foot ball and the like, thereby getting out of what is vulgarly called work. This is a misconception in the true sense of the word, as the aforesaid place is for the purpose of turning good material out of raw material.

High school is divided into four branches, going by the names of freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors. Every student must start as a freshman and as soon as he has mastered the delicate intricacies of the finer arts, he is promoted to the sophomore room where he has a chance to adopt the dress of the inhabitants therein and start getting acquainted with the opposite sex. At this time, the lure of the class room begins to fall away and it is now that he begins to introduce himself to what is known as the "Pony," an American coined word meaning "helper." The next period of suffering is in the realms of the junior class, when the student wears a superficial air, looks bored, is inclined to pessimism and has the art of bluffing to an excellent degree. This year serves as a reaction and in the senior year, he starts to gain in the pursuit of the elusive high marks and spends as high as fifteen minutes at a time mastering Latin verbs, accents of Chaucer, slang phrases, American history and the art of wearing red neckties. He graduates with the feeling that he is a man of the world and this lasts until he takes up business and learns that after all he is only like all the rest that have completed the course of learning.

Now we shall take up the different studies and analyze them for your benefit. English is the main stay of the institu-





tion, as this is the first subject that the freshie desides upon. There is no doubt that English is essential to the human being as no boy can expect to wear a number 7 hat until four years of English has increased his head, where the brain is supposed to be, to that size. Facial expression has a great bearing on this subject, since, when a teacher sees that the countenance expresses learning, by the study of physiognomy he knows that the brain of the wearer has absorbed the lesson. This is one of the greatest studies that is known and every well known bluffer uses it at every opportunity. But to return to the study of English.

English is supposed to show the student how to use different words in their proper places and not to use expressions like "He seen his duty and done it noble," which always causes excruciating agony to the listeners. Large words are to be avoided as they show superficial phrasing and are to be eliminated from extemporaneous narratives. English is commonly divided into three branches called, Good, Bad and Indifferent. It can be mastered only after much study and concentration.

Ancient history is the next study that we shall discuss, as this is the subject that is frequently taken several times by the scholars. It deals with things that happened so long ago that nobody cares whether they happened or not, but it is placed in every high school curriculum because it prevents anyone from graduating before his proper time. Several years of this subject are usually taken.

Geometry treats of the subject of why we call a worm an angle worm when it is really composed of several curves. This is a much discussed question and it takes many years of study to find out how little you know about the different branches of the study.

Latin is also an essential study, very beneficial for the art of self defense. Many a man has had his life saved by hurling Latin verbs at his prosecutors, which causes them to retire in complete embarrassment, making them realize that they are no match for the Latin student. It is very interesting

to read how great Caesar was, according to his own commentaries. No man is really prominent in public affairs until he has been compared to the aforesaid.

Chemistry deals with the action of acids and different substances of which the earth is composed, such as the action and appearance of face powder on the human complexion. Why is a bad egg, and several other questions are solved in the chemistry room.

These are the essential subjects and the others are placed in the school to fill out the program, but if this outline is properly used there is no doubt that the ones who are going to enter high school will make great progress.

—ARTHUR BUCKERIDGE, '15.

"TIMES ARE CHANGED"

1. How well do I remember
Those four short years gone by,
On that morning in September
When we entered Port Huron High.
2. We were so small and simple,
And also very shy;
And we always blushed so deeply
When a Senior passed us by.
3. But now you see those times have passed
When we obeyed such rules.
And as we are the Senior Class
Of course we run the school.

—A Senior.

A well dressed lady rushed up to a clerk in a household goods department store and, without waiting for the clerk to speak, exclaimed: "Give me a mouse trap quickly, please. I want to catch a train."





Honor Roll

Students with a standing of 90 or above in all four subjects:

SENIORS

Mildred Carlisle	Evelyn Pace
Alice Cook	Elsie Pressprich
Grace Donaldson	Quinneth Summers
Marguerite May	

JUNIORS

Elmer Chamberlain	Florence Fleming
Elmer Chadwick	Warren Simms
Virginia Elliott	

SOPHOMORES

Helen Barrett	Frances Smith
Edna Hall	Marian Soutar
Leona Little	Beatrice Winn

FRESHMEN

Oliver Hanton	Guy Oliver
Isabel McLaren	Beatrice Isbister
Marie Maurer	Lloyd Reid
Mildred Monzo	Gordon Tappan

I shot an arrow into air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
Until the man on whom it fell
Came 'round and gave me—the information.

Mr. Davis (calling Smith Bros.)—"Have you any extra large bushel baskets?"

Alumna—"I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

The Christmas Ship

How many of us need a description of the real genuine feeling of Christmas? Very few, for we have all realized that calm spirit of contentment, the love of simply being alive with tingling fingers and conscious toes, with a heart that responds to the feeling which rises in the throat when the full meaning of Christmas presents itself plainly to the mind. Far away, somewhere in war-stricken Europe, a great many were experiencing this feeling in its completest form, for thoughts of their universal Saviour brought the greatest balm to the many deep wounds inflicted by the ghastly conflict existing but a few miles away.

It was only about two weeks before Christmas and ideal Christmas weather had already set in, somewhat snappy and thrilling, cloudy over head with a steady flurry of snow covering the streets with a downy covering of white fluff which clung to the feet of the passerby and held fast to the coats and hoods of every one, making them look like snowbirds, while the soft pattering of the flakes on the faces made them glow and color up like the rosy side of a juicy apple. With the coming of the snowflakes, the spirit of war, so deeply imbedded in the crevices of their hearts was silenced and superseded by the soul-strengthening and vivifying spirit of Christmas, coming but once a year to make us feel the worth of living by eliminating our sorrows and troubles for a short time, at least.

Before a gayly decorated Christmas window two little mites were standing hand in hand, their rosy, dampened noses pressed up tightly against the steaming window, while the wide open merry blue eyes contemplated the store of interesting play things displayed.

"Oh, Jenny, don't you wish Santa Claus would bring us that big horse there in the corner by the soldiers and cannon?"





Don't you think I've been good enough all year, helping mother in father's place, and everything to deserve it?"

The little appealing face of Tommy Atkins, Jr., was lifted entreatingly to his sister, a quiet, responsible looking girl about four years his senior who was gazing earnestly too into the store window, wishing for the little china tea set in the corner, gayly decorated with gold and flowers. But she knew it would do no good to wish, for she remembered well her mother's warning made the night before, concerning the non-appearance of Santa Claus at their house this year, because, as the mother had convincingly said, Santa wouldn't be able to find them this year because they had moved from their pretty white cottage with the green shutters and the flowers up into that old ramshackle tenement house where the Saint would certainly pass them by and besides, because of the war, Santa Claus would be too poor by far to visit everybody this year, especially such poor people as they. Jenny had accepted the mother's decision as final and so had said nothing about her desires, but had forcefully and quietly laid them aside as never-to-be-realized dreams and had finished the household tasks, which she was accustomed to do after coming home from school, ever since her father had gone away with the soldiers and her mother was forced to work at the munition factory in order to provide her family with necessities. Tommy's words had brought the mother's sweet, patient face clearly before her and she realized it to be her duty to pacify Tommy as best she might so as not to pain her mother further. But, Oh Tommy was such a dear, it did seem a shame that he should have to be disappointed too, this year! A feeling of revulsion towards the war swept over her and she had to fight hard to keep the lump down in her throat and the tears from her eyes. But downing her emotions she resolutely clenched her chubby fists in their thin mittens and determinedly shook her head with its wealth of yellow curls. "No, Tommy, don't you remember what mother said yesterday, about St. Nicholas coming to our house this year? The horse is very pretty but

it is only to be looked at by little boys, whose papas are not fighting for their country.

The eager face dropped at the sister's solemn words and the tears were only prevented from appearing by the sympathetic squeeze of Jenny's hand. So he took one last lingering look and walked away manfully with his hand clasped tightly in that of his sister.

That night at bed-time hour, the whole trouble was breathed into the mother's attentive ear, causing her heart to ache. It was only because she possessed that fortitude credited to our greatest fighters, that she had had the strength to be patient and kind thru all her troubles, for there was not only the struggle to make ends meet on her small wages, but her heart went out to the young husband, fighting so bravely for their country, and there was never a moment but that she feared to receive that fateful notice which has come into so many homes to bring a great sadness there. Her bravery stood her in good stead now, for it took a hero's strength to reconcile the children and smilingly and cheerfully answer:

"We'll just dream about the horse this year, and imagine it to be ours, and we'll be just as happy as if we really truly had it."

The children had finally gone peacefully to sleep after listening to the mother's story about a kind fairy and two faithful good children, who were very happy in spite of being poor, and the mother knelt down before her crucifix and prayed earnestly and fervently to God for strength and patience and for preservation in her trials. Comforted by a feeling of new strength, the little woman slept soundly and peacefully thruout the night.

The two weeks before Christmas passed as quickly as usual and the night before Christmas had arrived. Mrs. Atkins had had a very hard day at the factory, the noise of the machinery and the general confusion, together with the mental strain she was enduring had caused a slight headache and the anticipation which she had experienced early that morning when she and the children had planned out their program





for Christmas Day, which they had decided was to be a real gala day for them, in spite of the lack of the usual Christmas festivities, had entirely disappeared by the time the whistle blew. It was with weary dragging feet and a heavy, discouraged heart that she pinned her thin coat closely around the neck and fastened her old-fashioned hat firmly to her heavy brown braids. The snapping frosty air partially revived her and she started to walk briskly toward home. It was just about fifteen minutes before the time when the street lights would be turned on, and people of all classes were hurrying to and fro on their individual business. A great many seemed to be going in a direction opposite to our little mother, and this was observed by her shortly. They were all talking excitedly about something, too. A scrap of conversation of a couple of children she had just passed floated to her on the wind. It was just a few words, but they caused her hopes to take one mad bound. She paused for one second, then wheeled around and retraced her steps, her speed increasing to almost a run. In a few moments she arrived at her destination, which was the wharf.

Sure enough she had heard rightly for there was a great white ship, with the American stars and stripes floating majestically above it, lying peacefully in the harbor. All was bustle and confusion about it. The wharf was lined with people, mostly poor women and children in the same hard straits as she, all with anxious, expectant and interested faces. She easily ascertained from the drift of the conversation that it was an American ship, carrying on board a cargo of good things for the stricken and impoverished families, in charge of a peace party come to do as much good for the poor and needy homes as possible. All day the massive steamer had been unloading its cargo into the hands of little children and grateful women.

Our anxious mother fell in line and it was not long before her turn approached. She presented a very remarkable as well as attractive appearance to the benevolent looking lady distributor. Her hair had become loosened and was floating

in little curls and tendrils about her eager, appealing face, colored rosy pink by her exertion and the refreshing wind. The distributor listened compassionately to her pathetic tale and with a motherly glance and a reassuring word she filled her arms brim full of things both for comfort and pleasure. What all there was Mrs. Atkins did not surmise, but with ardent thanks expressed both by word of mouth and by the deep blue eyes she turned and almost fled. So great was her haste that she arrived home shortly, completely out of breath.

Leaving her bundles with an old lady in the same tenement, she hastened up the stairs. The children met her joyfully at the door. The anticipation of the morning had stayed with the children and in accordance with it they had decorated the little home with some old time tinsel and holly dug out from mother's trunk which made it particularly attractive looking. They listened with beaming faces to the mother's enraptured exclamations of surprise as she discovered each improvement. She rewarded the thoughtful young people by implanting a hearty kiss on their rosy mouths.

After supper they finished the decorating together and tired, yet so unexpectedly happy, the mother put the children in their little white beds. For the first time in weeks she enjoyed a satisfied and easy feeling, especially when Tommy uttered his final prayer to Santa Claus at her side as a finale to his evening prayer. Soon the children were sleeping soundly, but sleep would not come to the mother's excited eyes. Lying there, she heard the even breathing of the children, and noticing that Jenny's breathing was interrupted ever and anon by a little stifled sob, she rose and comfortingly kissed the sleeping child, while she thanked God for the Christmas ship which would bring such a glad surprise to her patient and faithful little girl.

Early the next morning she was awake. Quickly getting her bundles from down stairs, she hastily built a fire and busily untied and arranged the various articles, which were as great a surprise to her as she knew they would be to the children. She retired again, and feigning sleep waited developments.





Tommy was the first to waken and after rubbing the sleep from his eyes, and carefully noting that his mother and sister were still sleeping, he quietly and very cautiously, for he did not want them to know that he was expecting and hoping for a better Christmas than they had anticipated, stole out of bed. One survey of the living room, then one triumphant yell and one bound toward the table piled high with joyous things, on which was standing a straight little tree bidding him a very Merry Christmas, were the result. Seizing a horse, hitched to a little red wagon to which was tied a card with "For Tommy," and tumbling all over himself for joy he excitedly rushed into his mother's room. Awakened by his noise, both Jenny and her mother were sitting up in bed, Jenny wide-eyed and wondering.

"There, didn't I just tell you Santy wouldn't forget me, when I had been so good. I knew him, I did. Just see my horse. It's got a mane and tail and its legs will move and it's got a harness and a little wagon and and——"

Tommy stopped for lack of breath. While the mother, with apparently very great surprise was examining the horse for one second, for that was all the time Tommy could be parted from it, Jenny quietly slipped out of bed and entered the other room. Altho her surprise and joy were as great as Tommy's they were not so noisy. Claspings her hands fervently, she surveyed the whole.

Her quick eyes soon found the object of her desires and with careful fingers she picked up a box containing a miniature set of dishes and ran to her mother. Her deep joy could not be expressed in mere words.

After breakfast everything was inspected and they found that besides the toys and some nuts and cookies there were mittens and stockings and warm scarfs as well as other useful things to gladden their hearts. Among the packages, a little card was found bearing the words, "From the American Christmas Ship." Then mother explained how she had heard that a Christmas ship was to take St. Nick's place this year and that was the reason they were having such a very merry

Christmas. Jenny's face, which was now beaming with joy, suddenly became sober, "Mother, it would be the happiest Christmas ever, wouldn't it, if our dear daddy were here too."

The mother sighed and so did Tommy, but while they were quietly thinking about their daddy, away out in the trenches without any Christmas, a heavy tread was heard and in answer to a knock, the door was flung open and there stood their father, clad in his soldier's uniform. "Daddy" gasped both the children as they were clasped in his arms. A flood of questions poured forth, but before they were answered he pressed his little wife to him and in one fond embrace she realized that it was worth the parting to meet again.

The father's appearance was easily explained. The feeling of Christmas had so possessed both friend and foe that a Christmas truce had been declared. Finally after hours of pleasant conversation, in which all their troubles and happiness were poured into the father's ear, the little mother was alone with her husband and after quietly explaining how their Merry Christmas came about, they bowed their heads and the master voiced their thoughts:

"God bless our brothers across the sea,
And may their fate ever happy be,
For the happiness that they have brought
To those in the most pitiful lot."

—MARGUERITE MAY, '17.

Teacher (pointing to map)—"What is this, Willie?"
Willie—"A dirty finger."

It's the cutest little thing,
Got the cutest little swing,
"Jesse's walk."

Hope Phillips—"If the tea leaves does the coffee have grounds for divorce?"

Francis Scott—"Yes, if the teaspoons."





A Page of "Snaps."

Il Penseroso or An Extraction From Real Life



Time: 1:10 P. M.

Place: Awe-inspiring Principal's office.

Atmosphere: Gloomy.

Scene: Elegantly furnished office—two chairs, book case small table and desk. Mr. Davis seated at the latter with head resting in hands, apparently deep in thought; a shuffling noise is heard, the principal looks up in agitation as the sound makes evident the approach of a junior.

Enter the hero, short, athletic, good looking, save for a slight droop about the mouth and a deep frown on the alabaster brow.

"Say, Mr. Davis, ain't you going to let me drop chemistry?"

"I said no!"

"Well, I can't get that stuff through my head."

"It's time you're getting something through your head."

"I am not going to stay home every night in the week an' study 'till midnight, I want to have a good time once in a while."

"Oh, you have a good time; you're all right."

"I'd have a better time with four subjects."

"Oh, you could have a fine time, with no work and lots of pay."

"I got through in four subjects last year."

"In half a year?"

"No, in a whole year."

"Fine!"

"I don't want 'a carry five subjects you know, I can't do it."

"I'm sorry, but I don't know how you are going to do anything else."

Brief pause.



"Say, Mr. Davis—"

"Yes."

"Say, can I drop chemistry?"

"No."

"Well, why not? I don't know nuthin' about it; I ain't goin' to carry all my books home and sit up all night with 'em. I like to have a good time once in a while. Say, Mr. Davis it 'ud take a dray to carry home all my books."

"Well, can't your friend who is always coming after you in his automobile, take them home for you? What is his name? Oh, yes! Rubenstein."

"He's got his own to take, he's in just as bad as I am."

"When do you study your chemistry?"

"I never do. I haven't opened my book this year,—neither has Ruby. You know Corbin says I can't get this stuff."

"Well, no, you could hardly expect to get it without opening your book. But you know there is a time when you can get it."

"I know it, after school. Say, I guess I'll work after school."

"Yes you will. You will work right here. What do you have in chemistry today?"

"We have lab; I don't know nuthin' about it. All we do is go down there and blow up stuff." (Gong sounds.)

"There is the bell, will you excuse me, please?"

Exit Mr. Davis.

Curtain.

—BARBARA DUNCAN, '18.

Little Girl—"Mamma, what does trans mean?"

Mother—"Across, dear, but don't bother me."

After a long pause, "Well, mother, does it always mean across?"

Mother—"Yes, dear."

Little Daughter—"Does transparent mean a cross parent?"

How Giovanni Helped Santa



The stars were shining in the clear cold sky, the moon was throwing its beautiful silver rays over the glistening white snow, and all the world lay quiet as if in expectation of some great event.

It was on a Christmas eve you like to picture to yourself; such a one as jolly St. Nick must take delight in as he drives over the snowy housetops, such a night as seems a fitting welcome to the most beautiful day of the year, a night peaceful and bright and gloriously radiant.

The holiday crowds had dispersed and in the brightly lighted public square not more than half a dozen people could be seen, and these were hurrying home to a warm shelter from the increasing cold.

Giovanni was tired and numb from the cold. He had been walking thru the streets for hours. He was ready to cry from disappointment, for he had not yet caught sight of "da Santa Claus" of whom he had heard so much. He peered into each face as it passed and drew back as it went on, ignoring him completely. "De teacha," he said, "she say da Santa maka da Christmas spirit." Giovanni had been in America not quite a year, but already he thought and tried to express his thoughts in the language of the new land. "She say da Chreestmas speerit maka for all. She say we all must helpa da Santa. And I not find him! And I must not yet go home, for da mother an da father would maka angry with me that I am out so late." Giovanni knew that he would recognize "da Santa" as soon as he saw him, for had he not seen hundreds of pictures of him? His heart beat high with hope when at last in the bright glare a red and white coated figure came into view, and he ran forward.

Mr. Blair had just acted the part of St. Nicholas in some entertainment hall not very far away and he was on his way home. He was bored; he had handed out a lot of sticky candy



to a number of cross, sleepy children, and he was glad it was over. He was very much bored; he had answered the appeal of his friends that he played the roll of Santa partly because he wanted to help them out and partly because he had done so the year before, and the year before that. He really could see no reason in perpetuating such a foolish character as Santa; it was downright sinful to teach children to have faith in such an institution; but if the children were so eager to be taught it was no affair of his; and so on. He had been looking all evening for a chance to get home to his beloved violin, and now he must hurry or there might be some objections to his practicing. He did not hear the soft steps behind him as he crossed the great square, and turned with quickened step up his own street. He did not hear the soft voice of the wondering Giovanni as he called to him. As he neared his home his pace quickened into a run and he sprang up the steps three at a time and slammed the door behind him to relieve his feelings.

But Giovanni had set his heart and his mind upon "helping Santa" as his beloved school-teacher had urged her energetic pupils, and now when he saw the real Santa his determination grew stronger and forgetting the cold he approached the great man's house. Standing on the walk before it he examined all its points. He wondered in which room Santa kept his toys. He exulted in the thought that he would be able to tell the "kids" that Santa lived not at the North Pole but had moved to their own town. He wondered when Santa was going to start his great trip around the world. The more he thought and the more he wondered the greater grew his courage, and soon it was great enough to assist him up the steps of Santa's new home.

As he reached the door a light was turned on within, and thru the half-drawn shade Giovanni saw Santa clad in his red and white garments settling down in a chair as if he meant to stay there! In his hands he held a violin and he began to tighten the strings! Giovanni was thunderstruck. He had expected to see Santa strapping up his bag in a hurry or at

least finishing his packing. And here he was calmly sitting down when he should have been half-way across the continent. Santa certainly needed some one to help him! His memory seemed to be failing him in his old age!

Giovanni became troubled. He surely must act at once or Santa would be disgraced forever.

An inspiration came to him; the sight of the violin made him remember a beautiful song his teacher had taught him in the past month. He would sing this song and attract Santa's attention. He did not think to go to the door; that was too usual and what he was doing was not.

Clear and rich his musical voice rose in the song of Christmas time. Gaining in melody as he forgot where he was and remembered only his song, it fell in hushed notes and rose again in joyousness. He poured forth his whole soul and it was a glad one. He sang of peace and happiness and the great spirit of Christmas time.

To the man listening within it came as sunshine on a cloudy day. Not stirring until the song was done, he drank in every word and was refreshed by it. His boredom vanished; he forgot his troubles; the strange beauty of the song cheered him, and he sprang to find out who was caroling so early.

It took several minutes for Giovanni to convince Santa that he was very late, and much longer for Mr. Blair to explain that he had already completed his duties.

Then Giovanni told how he had wanted to help Santa so much and was so sorry he had been late. He told of what his teacher had said, how he had run away without telling his mother, and why he had sung to Santa thru the window.

"Why, youngster," said Santa as he helped the child warm his cold fingers, "you have helped me more than I can tell you." Here he stopped, for he knew he could not explain.

"But Santa," said Giovanni a few minutes later as Mr. Blair prepared to take him home, "do you know I should like so much that I had helpa you drive your reindeer!"

GRACE DONALDSON, '17.





The Man Behind the Gun

We students display about as much enthusiasm in our school affairs as the pall-bearers at a funeral. When we go to the football and baseball games we make as much noise as a lot of good respectable clams—or at least that is what we do most of the time. Once in a while we become excited and yell a little, a very, very little for the team. There is no fault to be found with our teams. They do their part, but do we do ours? We do not. In nineteen-fifteen we had a champion baseball team. Nobody knew it, however, until we began to play Dowagiac. Then and only then did we display any great amount of interest. My! this school has never seen so much spirit before or since or such a crowd either, as at that game with Dowagiac.

Dowagiac put two runs across in the first inning. Both teams, however, played tight baseball after that disastrous opening. But our team had a gang behind it that would not accept defeat. They yelled and shouted themselves hoarse. We won that game.

We won that game because we had the spirit behind us. If we had been playing at Dowagiac, the result probably would have been different. Now to get right down to business. All of us felt that we must win that game. That was our one and only thought. The team knew it, we knew it, and everybody knew it. Anybody knows that a team that has such a force behind it is practically irresistible.

Remember that Michigan and Syracuse game this season? Michigan was outweighed, crippled, and in that state every team suffers periodically in which it cannot put across. In the first three quarters Michigan hardly made a down. Syracuse on the other hand carried the ball at will and scored two touchdowns. It was such a slaughter that all but true Michigan men were beginning to leave the field. But throughout all this, the shouting, the cheers, and yells of Michigan never



abated for an instant, even though there was nothing to yell for. Thousands of voices united in one vast concert of sound.

It seemed as if the spirit behind them had suddenly infused new strength into the Michigan team. For in the last quarter they played such football as has rarely been seen on Ferry Field and scored the two touchdowns necessary to win the game.

And so if spirit could make a team which was already beaten win, wouldn't our teams, when they have hard luck, buck up, if they had something stronger behind them than thin air?

This season in the game against Ypsilanti they were up against a much stronger team, with five regulars out of the line-up. But we were suffering from one of our periods of excitement and had come down to help win that game, thanks to "Doc" Crissman and the "Boosters' Club." I do not need to go into detail about this game, everybody in this school knows or ought to know about it. We held them.

Then consider our other school activities, such as oratory and debating. It might not be a bad idea also to instill a little "pep" along the scholastic line.

In public-speaking it surely gives a fellow a reassuring feeling in that first awful minute, when his knees knock together, to know the school is standing behind him as one man.

If we did show spirit our school would no more need a "Boosters' Club" than a good elevator needs somebody to give it a shove to make it go.

For nothing great has ever been accomplished where it has been impossible to gain united action. We should be subjects of Great Britain today if each of the thirteen colonies had insisted upon having its man appointed commander-in-chief of the continental armies.

And so since any institution flourishes only when it receives active and concerted support, I would have you remember the words of Irvin Cobb, "United we stand, divided we fall to."

—ELMER F. CHAMBERLAIN, '18.



EDITORIAL

STUDENT CO-OPERATION IN GOVERNMENT

Have you ever heard this,—“No talking in the halls?”

Do you like it? What do you think about it? Had you ever tho't that perhaps when we come to school we might trust ourselves and be trusted to find our way to our own session room without supervision? It need not necessarily be without talking, merely without disturbance. Why is it necessary that we have a guardian at the foot of the stairs to start us on the right hand side, and one at the head to see that we do not deviate from the straight and narrow path. Could we not manage to move from the lower halls to the upper, without following in lock step, one behind the other? We certainly have courtesy enough to allow those coming from upstairs to pass down at the same time.

Why can't we enter our session rooms in an orderly manner and conduct ourselves as we would anywhere else? We don't need a guardian at a concert or lecture. Our session room teacher surely doesn't enjoy her daily eighth hour class. Possibly it was necessary in the grades to be told at the end of every period to pick up all stray scraps of paper, but by this time we certainly ought to have acquired orderly habits, after eight years' experience.

We are not naturally rebellious. Why then this spirit of “get ahead of the teacher” which seems general in the school?

During exams. why shouldn't we be left to ourselves. It surely does not particularly affect the teacher one way or the other whether we “do or don't.” We ought to feel insulted to be watched every minute. We can't be under guard all our lives. Why aren't we ashamed of ourselves when we so unconcernedly borrow and lend? We would be anywhere else. Why this double standard of honesty?

Let's change our system and make ourselves responsible for our general welfare. The student body might be organized

into a unit, which would act by means of various officers and committees: one person as president, acting as the head, the various committees would have supervision over different affairs. These officers and committees would of course be students, but the whole organization would be co-operative with the faculty. The question is—would such officers and committees have qualms of conscience at reporting their best friends to committees in charge for being out of order. Or could we all lay aside our personal feelings, and act for the general good of the school?

Colleges are using this system extensively and it is in use in many high schools, particularly in the West. In one of these, a beautiful big school, the whole student body is organized, and has its officers who manage the affairs of government in the school. The students are expected to govern themselves as they would anywhere else. There is no hall patrol, but a student out of order, if noticed, is reported by an officer or any student to the committee in charge, whereupon he is summoned before that committee, and if he is found guilty such penalty as they see fit is imposed. At the time of student body elections great excitement prevails and there is much advertising of candidates. The faculty are very much in sympathy, as school is suspended during election, and they help in any way possible.

Such a system must surely instill the proper school spirit and more school patriotism.

We don't want P. H. H. S. to be behind the time. Let's try Student Government here.

What do you think about it?

High school bread is sometimes a four year loaf.

OUR SCHOOL LIBRARY

For a long time our school has felt the need of a library that would be open to the pupils.

In 1913 the library was first started by Miss Fyan. With the help of several senior girls the books were catalogued and





gotten in shape for use. But until this fall, it had never been opened so that it really benefitted the students. And now we are positive there is no one in high school to whom our library has not been a great help.

How often it has saved us a trip to the public library, or how convenient, if we have forgotten to look up some reference for history, to slip in just before class and get the desired information!

During the month of October there were seventy-five references looked up by the librarian for the pupils and these do not include the ones looked up by the students themselves. The circulation for the first week was about sixty-five books, while now it is about eighty.

We certainly all appreciate the library and wish to take this opportunity to extend our thanks to the Board of Education and to our librarian for the services rendered us.

GETTING STUDENT MATERIAL

1st Chapter—Announcement.

Result—Waiting.

2nd Chapter—Prize Contest.

Result—More waiting.

3rd Chapter—Individual Soliciting.

a— “Mary Jones, can’t you write something for the “Student?”

Mary Jones—“I’ll think about it.”

b— “Mary Jones, you have decided to write, haven’t you?”

Mary Jones—“I am still thinking, can’t you give me a subject.”

c— “Mary, how’s your story?”

Mary Jones—“Oh, I don’t think I can write.”

d— “Mary, you know we expect your story in next week.”

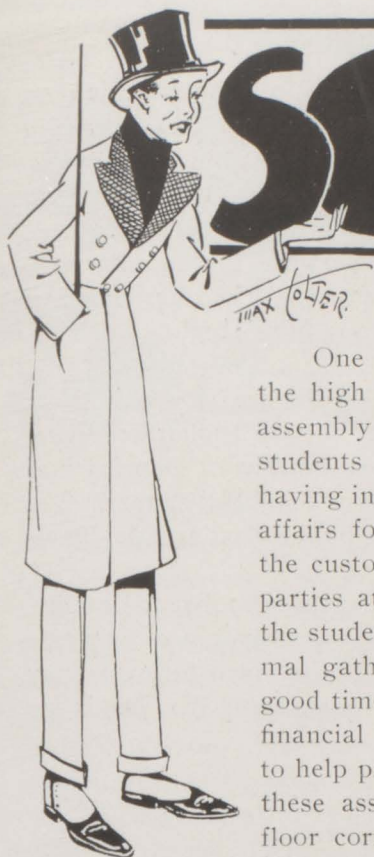
Mary—“Yes.”

e— (Next week) “Mary Jones, where’s your story?”

Mary Jones—“Why I was so busy I forgot all about it.”

—Did you forget, too?

STUDENT



SOCIAL



One of the most enjoyable features of the high school social year is the informal assembly which is proving popular with the students this semester, the student staff having inaugurated the idea of holding these affairs fortnightly. Formerly it has been the custom of the classes to hold dancing parties at irregular intervals, but this year the student staff decided to give these informal gatherings every two weeks for the good time which is derived and also for the financial remuneration which will be used to help pay the class expenses. The first of these assemblies was given in the second floor corridors, the auditorium, where in former years school events were held, being this year utilized for a session room, owing to the inadequate room and crowded condition of the school. The attendance was large and those who were there spent an enjoyable hour and a half dancing, beginning after school hours at three-thirty and continuing until five o'clock. The music was also particularly good and was rendered by musicians from the student classes. Miss Dorothy Duncan played the piano, Miss Madelyn Akers, Mr. Irving Pollock and Mr. Elmer Hess the violin, and Irving Bell, the traps. The chaperones for the afternoon were Miss Richards, Miss Chapin and Mr. Davis.

October 20th was the date of the second assembly and



November 4th the third. Others will follow at intervals of two weeks.

Thursday, October 10th at the close of school the juniors opened their social year with an informal gathering held in the junior room for the pleasure of the juniors and seniors. This took the form of an old fashioned box social, the young ladies bringing boxes of delicacies for which the young men present bid high. In this manner partners for the afternoon were secured and a nice sum was netted for the class treasury. The chaperones for the afternoon were Miss Hughes and Miss Chapin.

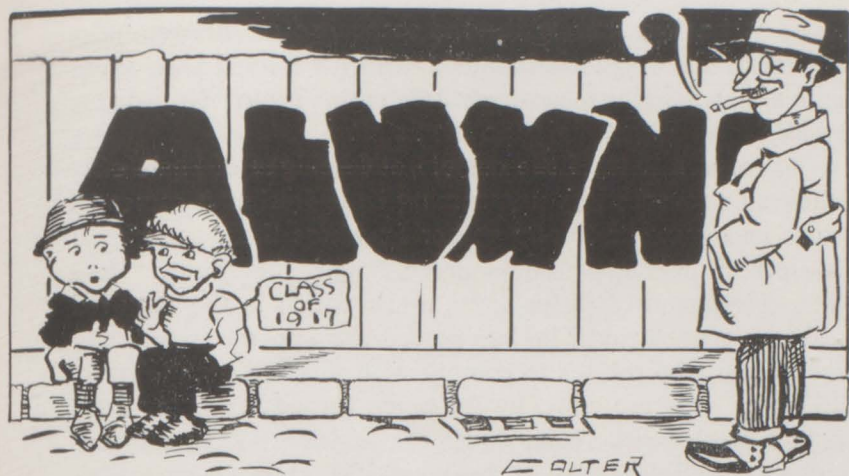
The Hallowe'en season was also the occasion of a party given in the school by the members of the sophomore class, October 27th from four-thirty until seven-thirty. Dancing was the amusement and was followed by a delightful supper. The chaperones which have been chosen by the class are Mr. Davis and Miss Westbrook.

The freshman class is also active in school social affairs, having already announced that they are making arrangements for a party to be given by them in the very near future. They have chosen from the faculty Miss Lakin and Mr. Davis for their chaperones for this year.

Lives of angle worms remind us
If we wished our own to bud,
We should let no robin find us
As we angled through the mud.

Lives of goldfish oft remind us
Of a truth that's often told,
For they are a doggone nuisance,
All that glitters is not gold.
—SOPH.

Prisoner—"Did you ever see a clock run?"
Guard—"No, but I have seen a fire escape."



Dear Freshmen-to-be:—

Do come to Ann Arbor even though it is a bewildering place for freshmen. At first we seem to be absolutely lost here. Some of us have come without an idea of what the University of Michigan really is,—what its customs and activities are. We only know that we “have come to college.” In our first week here, the thing which proves perhaps to be the greatest blessing to us, is the “Freshman Bible.” This is only a small, leather-covered notebook put out by the Y. M. C. A. and officially termed “The Michigan Handbook.” It is a guide to the innumerable activities and opportunities of the University of Michigan. It contains, too, some little helps for freshmen, such as a map of Ann Arbor, some of the Michigan songs and yells and the athletic schedules.

Freshmen have so many new and delightful experiences here. Of course Michigan athletics are thrilling! Before each of the big games this fall, “pep meetings” were held in Hill auditorium. Here, to the large, light-filled hall, came hundreds, thousands, of students to hear the pep speeches and help with the songs and yells. The boys, with their coats off to prevent any restriction to their vocal chords, shouted themselves hoarse when pictures of Michigan’s athletic idols were thrown on the screen. When the wonderful “Varsity Band”



played "The Victors," well,—the scene became almost indescribable. Even dignified seniors who have lived thru three years of pep meetings, became wildly enthusiastic. No wonder the Michigan Eleven fights to the finish.

There is a funny little custom at Michigan of "hats off." When an unsuspecting, unassuming little freshman comes to a foot ball game or to any gathering where there are upperclassmen, immediately he is greeted with the shout, "Hats off!" He has to doff his grey toque which is the required freshman regalia, until he has passed the upperclassmen, and woe to him who refuses to comply with this "request." These little grey caps are worn by freshmen thruout the year until about a week before commencement in June. Then on Cap-night, a big celebration is held and the about-to-be sophomores joyously throw their freshman caps into a huge bonfire.

There are so many nice things to do out here in Ann Arbor. Just come out and see for yourselves.

Yours sincerely,
AN ALUMNA.

Dear Alumni Editor:—

The P. H. H. S. alumni at Hillsdale College send greetings through the "Student" to their former teachers and classmates. Port Huron has four representatives at Hillsdale this year.

Miss Beatrice Scupholm is completing her fourth year here. She is president of the senior class for the first semester and holds an important office in the Y. W. C. A.

Charles Foster, who graduated from the Port Huron High School in 1912 and whose home is now in Detroit is a junior at Hillsdale. He plays short-stop on the varsity base ball team and takes a prominent part in debating.

Russell Smith, Clark McColl and Gerald Collins are freshmen at Hillsdale. Russell is a member of the college band while 'Doc' and 'Jerry' take an active part in athletics.

The Albion foot ball team came to Hillsdale Nov. 4 ac-

accompanied by two hundred rooters, who marched in double file around the field behind the college band. Clarke McColl and I were viewing the procession when we espied a familiar figure. It was our old friend Burt Welsh whom we had not seen since the day we graduated. We learned that he had entered Albion College this fall and was doing splendidly.

Wishing the greatest success for your Student, I am,

Yours sincerely,

GERALD COLLINS.

Dear Alumni Editor:

It was with somewhat the feelings of an explorer into parts unknown that I came to Colgate University. There is not, nor has there ever been, a man here from dear old P. H. H. S. and only thirty men or so are from farther west than Port Huron, the most of these coming from Grand Rapids and Chicago.

We are not very much in numbers, but what we lack in size we make up in spirit. Out of a student body of six hundred there are sixty men out for varsity football besides those on the various class teams. The rest of the school is in the stands doing their best to make up in noise what they cannot supply in brawn and muscle and showing the team that we are behind them whether in victory or defeat. Thus does the famous Colgate spirit manifest itself, the spirit so loved by Colgate's loyal sons and so feared by her enemies, especially our arch-enemy, Syracuse.

Colgate furnishes a good example of what a small college with every man in it fighting for victory can do against the big colleges of the country where only a lackadaisical effort is made to assure the team of the support of the student body.

I sincerely hope that next year will see more P. H. H. S. men here at Colgate and now I must close with the best of wishes for your future success.

Your sincere alumnus,

OTTO C. PRESSPRICH.





To the Alumni Editor of the "Student:":

Replying to your letter regarding the alumni column to be published in the "Student:":

I am in the law school of Columbia University, having enrolled in September of this year. So far as I know there are no other students from Port Huron in the law school at the present time and I am not informed whether there are or are not any in the University.

With regard to sports and other college activities, these are not engaged in by students in the professional schools, being confined to students in Columbia College.

About 20,000 students attend the University, of whom approximately 500 are in the law school. All the buildings, except the medical building are located at Morningside Heights, New York, near 116th street and Broadway. The University was established by charter of George II in 1754 as King's College, renamed Columbia College after the Revolution, and since 1895 has been called Columbia University. Chancellor Kent, author of "Commentaries on American Law" was the second professor in the law school.

Trusting that this edition of the Student will be very successful, I am

Very truly yours,

E. R. SYLVESTER.

Laugh and your teachers laugh with you;
Laugh and you laugh alone,
First, when the joke is the teacher's;
Second, when the joke is your own.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Taking a hard exam,
He passed of course,
With the aid of a "horse,"
And said, "What a brave boy I am."

"If the Sophomores got hungry would Anna Feed 'em?"



The fifth annual session of the Port Huron High School House of Representatives began with a few informal meetings to determine the eligibility of members and to receive applications for membership.

On October 2, 1916 with every indication for a successful and prosperous year the election of officers was held. The following representatives were honored:

Speaker—Rep. Maitland.

Clerk—Rep. Amadon.

Assistant Clerk and Treasurer—Rep. Farr.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Rep. Goldman.

"Student" Correspondent—Rep. Chamberlain.

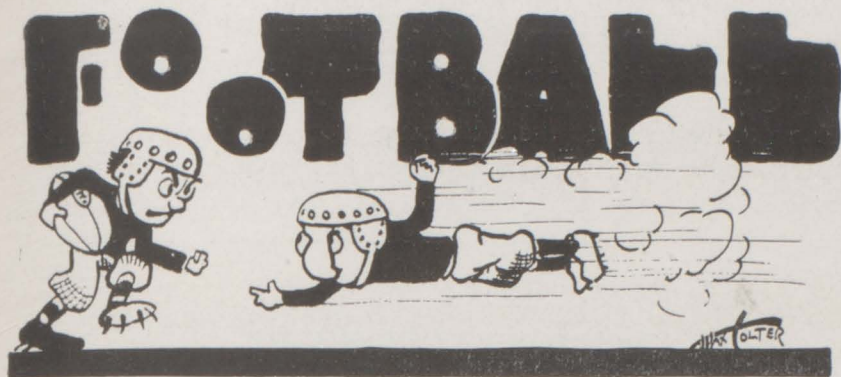
The House then turned its attention to debating and "Coach" Anderson conducted workouts to pick from the "squad" the teams for the big debates.

Before any subject was definitely chosen preliminary debates were held in the "House" on "Government Ownership of Railroads" and "House Rule." Both were won by teams arguing for the negative side of the question.

During the Christmas holidays the annual convention of the Federated Houses of the state will be held at Grand Rapids. This "House" plans to send two delegates, one of whom will be Speaker Maitland, Assistant Clerk and Treasurer of the Federation.



OUR TEAM



WEARERS OF P. H. H. S.

Palmer, Scott, Thorpe, Collins, Caulkett, Sawdon, Stone, Gordon, Harris, Smith, Clark, Carson, Sullivan, Reid, Burdie, Sickles, French.

"Pat" Palmer was elected captain of the team of '16 and much praise is due him for his work. Although Palmer, or better "Pat" had some hard luck, in fact lots of it, he never gave up and as a reward one of the best teams in the state fought our battles on the gridiron this fall.

LINE UP

Left end, Stone; left guard, Smith; left tackle, Harris, Reid; center, Davidson, Carson; right guard, Burdie; right tackle, Clark, Gordon; right end, Sickles; quarterback, Collins, Caulkett; left half, Scott; right half, Palmer (Capt.), French; full back, Thorpe; substitutes, McLaughlin, Gray, Sawdon, Waterworth.

MARINE CITY AT PORT HURON

The game with Marine City opened the schedule for Port Huron and our players evidently intended it to be a grand opening, for they defeated the visitors by a score of 21 to 0. No one can claim the glory of starring in this game, but all played good ball.





ST. CLAIR AT PORT HURON

Port Huron took St. Clair into camp for the second victory of the season. The St. Clair men fought hard and played a good game, but the odds were too much against them and the score ended 49 to 0 with Port Huron holding the two figures. Scott starred in this game, at one time running fifty yards for a touchdown. Smith and Harris also did good work on the line.

RICHMOND AT RICHMOND

In the first half of the game with Richmond it looked as if Port Huron were going to have things all her own way, but Richmond scored a touchdown by air route and this gave them confidence and they fought hard to bring victory to their school. However our men were too much for them and it ended 20 to 7 in Port Huron's favor. Stone starred in this game and time after time he went through the interference like paper and threw his man for a loss.

ANN ARBOR AT PORT HURON

On Saturday, October 7, 1916, our warriors of the gridiron went down to defeat, but a glorious defeat it was and one to be proud of rather than ashamed, for each and every man fought with every ounce of strength he possessed not for himself nor for the team, but for his school. Port Huron's undoing came in the second quarter when Ann Arbor steadily pushed down the field and sent Eible, their left half, over the chalk for the count, but Gills missed goal and the score was 6 to 0 with Ann Arbor on top. Balmer and Scott gained much ground, while Stone and Clark were the shining lights of the forward wall.

LAPEER HIGH AT PORT HURON

At no time from the start of the game 'till the end were the locals in danger and it appeared at first as though the Lapeer aggregation were going to receive a whitewash,

but they finally scored and Vincent kicked goal. The game ended Port Huron 25, Lapeer 7. "Buss" French starred.

SAGINAW EAST SIDE AT SAGINAW

Our fellows went to Saginaw with a badly crippled and otherwise handicapped team. Collins's guiding hand and Harris's broad shoulders were badly missed in this battle far from home and when all was over Port Huron found herself holding down the little end of a 28 to 0 score.

"Pat" did the starring for the local aggregation.

DETROIT WESTERN AT PORT HURON

Detroit Western proved much stronger than was expected, and as a result our fellows won by the small score of 7 to 0. Many of the fellows showed up well in this battle, especially Burdie and Caultkett. This pair proved a great stumbling block for Western and much of the credit for Saturday's victory was due to them.

MONROE AT MONROE

The game with Monroe was rather a farce. Port Huron started playing eleven Monroe players, but when things began to break wrong for Monroe the referee and time-keeper decided to join the ranks who opposed the locals and do their bit to help the cause. No more need be said of this game except that the score ended 39 to 14 in favor of Monroe. If anyone wants more information ask any of the fellows what they think of Monroe, but break it easy and be prepared to take your departure without much loss of time.

YPSILANTI AT PORT HURON

Port Huron met Ypsilanti with many reserves in the line up, but they sprung a surprise and fooled everyone with their good playing. However, after Palmer was sent in we managed to score and Scott kicked goal and tied things with the





Port Huron-7-
Det. Western-0.



"THREE ROUGH GUYS"



"SOME OF THAT
FIGHT STUFF"



THAT LOVER

visitors. This finished the scoring and the game ended 7 to 7. Reid, Caulkett and Scott starred.

FLINT DEAF AT PORT HURON

When the Michigan State School for the Deaf came to Port Huron November 17th, to do battle with our wearers of the red and white every one expected to see the Flint fellows receive a whitewash. Before the afternoon was over, however, they had changed their minds, for the game ended 0 to 0 and Port Huron had a higher estimate of the Dummies. The great feature of this game was the lack of noise. Judging from appearances the rooters' section had caught the fever of the great silence, for there was almost as much noise from the Flint aggregation as issued from the rooters this fatal Friday.

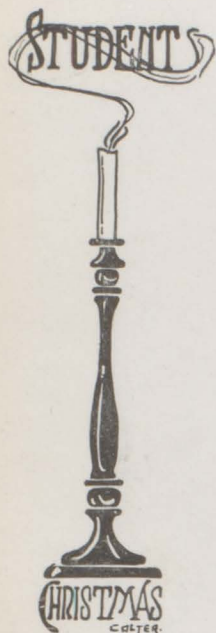
Palmer, French and Scott gained the most ground for our team.

Port Huron.....	21	Marine City	0
Port Huron.....	49	St. Clair	0
Port Huron.....	20	Richmond	7
Port Huron.....	0	Saginaw	28
Port Huron.....	7	Detroit Western	0
Port Huron.....	14	Monroe	39
Port Huron.....	7	Ypsilanti	7
Port Huron.....	0	Flint Deaf	0
<hr/>			
Port Huron.....	118	Opponents	81

Walter ThorPe
 Roy HArris
 S. SmiT

 HaPpy Clark
 Arthur CARson
 M. CoLLins
 RansoM Stone
 GIEn Caulkett
 LesteR Burdie





EXCHANGE

We have received several fine exchanges and have found many very good jokes and other items of interest, which we have used in this issue giving due credit to their respective schools.

Some schools which have formerly sent us some of our best exchanges have failed to send any this year.

The schools from which exchanges have been received are as follows:

- St. Clair High School, St. Clair, Mich.
- The Detroit Eastern, Detroit, Mich.
- The Normal College News, Ypsilanti, Mich.
- The Kalamazoo Index, Kalamazoo, Mich.
- The Pioneer, South High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Visalia, Visalia High School, Visalia, California.
- The Kyote, Billings, Montana.
- The Weekly Almanian, Alma, Mich.
- The Carteret, Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J.

SCHOOL BOY "HOWLERS"

History

- a. Of the Civil War a high school pupil wrote, "In this war the soldiers had to deal with vicious characters and I think this is called the Civil War because after the war the different races of people were more civilized."
- b. What happened in 1492? "A discovery of America by the Spinach."
- c. What happened in 1776? "A Decoration of Independence."
- d. Romulus obtained the first citizens of Rome by opening a lunatic asylum.
- e. English—"The king is not allowed to order taxis with-

out the consent of parliament." (An excellent restriction on royal spendthrifts.)

Language

1. "An abstract noun is something you can't see when you're looking at it."
2. "Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter."
3. "Two negatives make an affirmative."
4. "The masculine of 'vixon' is vicar."
5. "The earth is an absolute spheroid."
6. "Etymology is a man who catches butterflies and stuffs them."
7. "A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs."
8. "The zodiac is the zoo of the sky where lions, goats and other animals go when they are dead."

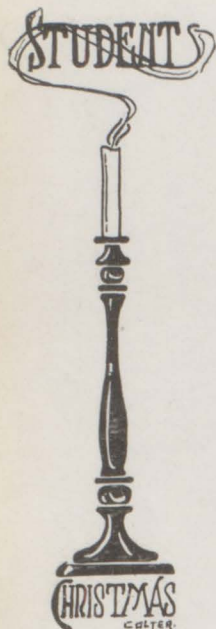
Conclusion

1. "The salaries of teachers are paid from the dog tax."
2. "The Eustachian tube is so you can hear yourself talk."
3. "One great modern work of irrigation is the Panama Canal."
4. "The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain."
5. "The Rhine is bordered by wooden mountains."
6. "A working drawing must be one picturing a person at work."
7. "A freckled youngster who was sent to the blackboard by his teacher to write a sentence containing the word 'income,' evolved, after considerable effort,—'I opened the door and income a cat.'—Ex.

A FEW LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A STOMACH

10 A. M. Oh dear! another warm day. Wonder if I'll be abused as I was yesterday. If I am, I am going to strike. Just disposed of a half chewed breakfast. We ran for the train, which meant I was so joggled about and so tired it took





me twice as long to do my work. Hope she gives me an hour or two of complete rest before anything more comes my way.

10:30 A. M. Two glasses of ice-water just arrived. It will take all the energy I can pump up in the next hour to warm up to normal again.

10:50 A. M. Half chewed breakfast did not satisfy her and she has bought some peanuts and started eating them.

12 Noon. Peanuts have dribbled along steadily ever since last entry. Think she has finished them tho.

12:30 P. M. Decided she wasn't very hungry and instead of a good solid dinner sent me down a cold eggnog, heavy with chocolate. Could have managed it all right if it hadn't been so cold, but that makes it terribly hard to deal with.

1:00 P. M. More ice-water.

1:40 P. M. Was mistaken about the peanuts. She found another handful in the bottom of the bag and now I have them to tend to.

2:05 P. M. More ice-water.

3:10 P. M. She has been lifting some heavy books and as usual used my muscles instead of her arm muscles as she should have done. Tired me more than digesting a six course dinner.

3:20 P. M. Someone has brought us a box of caramels and she has started on that.

4:30 P. M. Have received something like half a pound of caramels since the last entry. She just said, "Oh dear, I don't feel a bit well! I know the milk in that eggnog must have been sour."

6:30 P. M. We played a set of tennis before dinner and here I am all tired out and a dinner to handle.

6:50 P. M. We were invited out to have a soda before going home. Had a lemon phosphate and then ran for the train.

7:00 P. M. Fried potatoes, cucumbers, veal, and canned blueberries. What do you know about that?

7:45 P. M. We are going down for a chocolate walnut college ice.

8:20 P. M. Got home and found someone had made lemonade. She drank two glasses. That, on top of the college ice settled it. I strike.

8:30 P. M. Have sent back the college ice and lemonade.

8:40 P. M. Returned the blueberries.

8:50 P. M. And the veal.

9:10 P. M. She has sent for the doctor. Says that college ice must have had something the matter with it. Her mother says it is probably the weak stomach she inherited from her father.

9:30 P. M. Doctor says she is just a little up set, due to the hot weather. Good night.—Ex.

The sirens lured men to the rocks
In days of ancient pen;
In modern days in modern slang
They lure the rocks from men.

She was screaming wildly at him. He reached over and grabbed her, shook her savagely and then threw her down on her poor face. Her very hands trembled, and her screams gradually grew to mere mumblings. He then pulled the cover up close and said, "Now, you'll be quiet, you Miss Alarm Clock."

AS A FRESHIE SEES IT

A—Abominable.

B—Bum.

C—'Couraging.

D—Dog gone good.

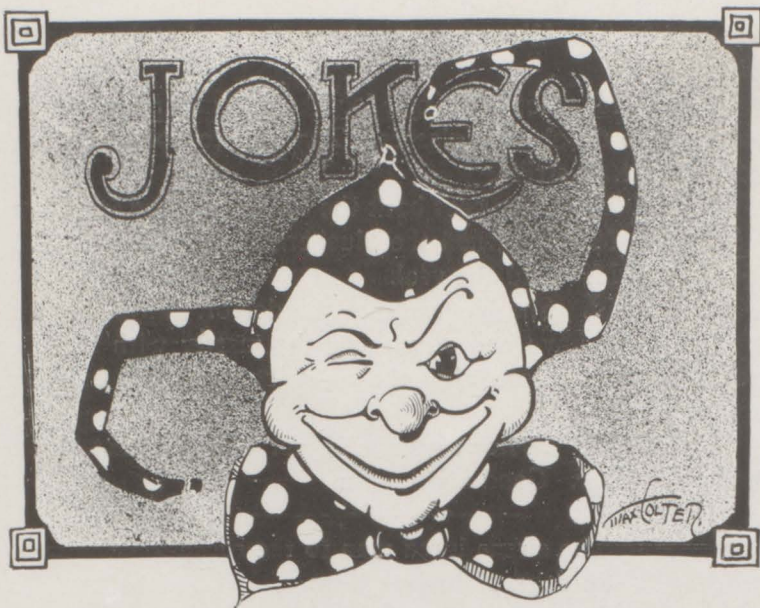
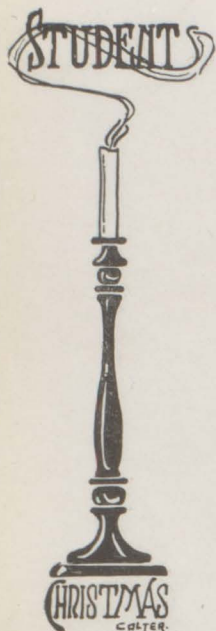
E—Excellent.

Teacher—"What words are used most in school?"

Pupil—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Correct."





THE BLUFFERS' CLUB, LTD.

Prologue

This club was duly born one sunny afternoon in Miss Lakin's room. A vigorous organization has arisen in a short time from that lowly beginning, to the highest pinnacle to be attained by any organization.

Preamble of Constitution

In order to form a more perfect mode of bluffing, establish mutual understanding, provide for a common pony, promote a general disturbance and enjoy the blessing of devilishness to ourselves and our instructor, we do ordain and establish the constitution for a select few in the seventh hour History Class.

Constitution

Article I

Each and every person shall be free from the curse of books.

Article II

Make as much noise as possible (ring the dumb bells).



Amendment I to Article II

Linger in the hall, come in casually, wallop your neighbor on the bean with a book.

Amendment II to Article II

Take your seat, jab a pin into someone (this will get a rise).

Article III

Don't listen to the instructor, talk among yourselves and have a pleasant time.

Special Duties of Officers

The General Disturber shall, with a broad grin, turn around twice and raise and lower the window at least six times during the period.

The Treasurer shall collect dues and buy gum and candy for the instructor, thus keeping it in good humor.

Officers

President Maximus—R. Stone.

Keeper of the Bluff—M. Colter.

General Disturber—M. Collins.

Treasurer and Secretary—A. Buckeridge.

Chief Bone—R. Harris.

Spanish Athlete—W. Thorpe.

Intimacy will show their competence for office.

The Pessimist

Examination.

Much perspiration.

No recreation

Nervous prostration.

All flunkeration.

Humiliation.

The Optimist

Examination.

Anticipation.

No preparation.

Some blufferation.

Realization.

—Ex.

Miss Richards (Eng. IV)—“Who was Roger Bacon?”

M. Akers—“He was a good Friar.”

Will Mr. Corbin and Mr. Miller please report where they spend their Sunday evenings?



When it comes time for you to step into the world and take
your place,

Will you go in and fight it out and win in Life's Great Race?
Assailed with great temptations, will you still play a Fair
Game,

When you're much depressed and troubled, will you smile on
just the same?

Opportunity knocks but once and when he comes rapping at
your door,

If you don't let him in you know he's gone for ever more.

Will you let him pass you by and then sit back and sigh?

Or will you gladly seize your chance and say, "I'll do or die."

—MADELYN AKERS, '17.

Two small boys enrolled in the first grade and the teach-
er started to take the roll.

"What is your name, little boy?"

"Tom," answered the child.

"You should say Thomas," said the teacher.

"What is your name?" she asked the next child, and he
promptly replied, "Jackass."

F. Gibbs—"That hat makes your face look short."

A. Cameron—"That is odd, it makes my father's face look
long."

Mary Chambers—"I consider, Ransom, that sheep are the
stupidest creatures living."

R. Stone (absent mindedly)—"Yes, my lamb."

Miss Lakin (speaking of contracts), "If the street car
turned over you would break your contract."

Helen blushed when she found
I was trying to read her face.
Well, most people do blush
When they feel their faces getting read.



The "Student" is published for the best interests of P. H. H. S. Those who advertise in it are giving their support towards advancing those interests. We, therefore, ask the student body to patronize those who have so kindly patronized us.



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Shawl Collar or V Neck
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Clothes For Men and Young Men
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Ballentine's Store the Place For
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COMPLETE LINE OF AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES

Miss Brown to H. Lane—"Why is your hair so wavy?"

H. Lane—"I jumped into the lake last summer and it has been wavy ever since that time."

Lena Hodder to Freda C.—"What was Mark doing in the pond last night?"

Freda C.—"I think he was playing pool."

L. Leonard—"Say, Mark, my girl friend and I fell out last night for the first time."

M. Haynes—"How is that?"

L. Leonard—"The horse ran away and the buggy turned over."

L. H. CARLISLE

511 Huron Avenue

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The Appreciated Candy

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=====

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Port Huron, Mich.

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Carl Sturmer (Hist. IV)—"Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean climbing a peak of the Dardanelles."

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903 Sixth Street
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Mr. Corbin, standing directly in front of a problem he is explaining, "Now you can readily see this."

A good example of the world turned upside down, is Mark Collins getting 90 on a test.

Orton L. DeViney

PHOTOGRAPHER

Michigan Vice-President Ohio-Michigan Photographers Association

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THE \$10.00 MAN IS HERE

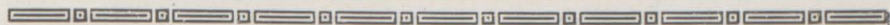
Suits, Rain Coats and Overcoats direct from the factory to your back for \$10. Ask the boys who wear them. Nearly 1,000 customers in Port Huron. Come up and see the samples. Home every Saturday.

E. C. BOICE

307 Huron Avenue

Over "Corset Shop"

"Patronize "Student" Advertisers"



YOU'LL SAVE MONEY

—By—

PURCHASING YOUR SHOES AND FURNISHINGS AT

RUBENSTEIN'S

OUR MOTTO—THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY

Mr. Corbin—"Mark, will you give Newton's laws of motion?"

Mark Collins—"Every little movement has a meaning all its own."

Verna Bailey, absent mindedly—"I wonder if clocks ever hold hands."

He—"I should think so; they are continually buzzing at least."

Miss Lakin—"We are the survival of the fittest. Land knows what came before us."

Miss Richards—"Anna, will you please discuss Arthur and his nights (?)"

Teacher—"Where is the best place to hold the world's fair?"

Bob Anderson—"Round the waist."

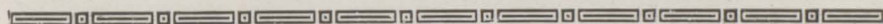
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OUR SERVICE—Quick, Accurate and Courteous



Buy That Xmas Present From a "Student" Advertiser



THE J.A. DAVIDSON CO.

Port Huron, Mich.

FURNITURE,
CARPETS, RUGS,
DRAPERIES, WALL PAPER,
CHINA LAMPS,
LIBBEY CUT GLASS

KEEP PHYSICALLY FIT

—By—

REGULAR ATTENDANCE

—At the—

GYMNASIUM

—of the—

Y. M. C. A.

Bob Farr (Eng. 3 B.)—"Well, if another boy and myself were having a fight, when we were nearing the end that would be a climax, wouldn't it?"

Prof. Lewis—"Well—that might be one for him."

CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

Corsage and Arm Bouquets for Holiday Parties

ASMAN

FLORIST

323 Huron Avenue

Phones, Floral Store, 606 Residence, 841-L Lakeside Greenhouse, 257-J

Mention the "Student" When Buying Her Xmas Present

=====

HAVE YOU TRIED THOSE
"OLD FASHION" CHOCOLATES at 39c POUND?
We Get Week End Shipments of Sanders' Candy and Sell Them at Popular
Prices

Sylvester's Drug Store

203 Huron Avenue

BOOKS AND KODAKS

Phone 477

Fish's ^{CUT-} *RATE*

CASH GROCERY

Complete Line of

FANCY GROCERIES

At Rock Bottom Prices at
Corner Seventh and Water Streets

Schmude Bros.

SAUSAGE OF ALL KINDS

FRESH FISH ALWAYS ON
HAND

POULTRY AND OYSTERS IN
SEASON

1204 Military Street Telephone 70

Mark Haynes(to Mr. Anderson)—"Did you ever see a
trade mark?"

Mr. Anderson—"No, but I have seen a copy right
(write)."

BROWN'S

—For—

HOT AND COLD DRINKS

UTOPIAN, ALLEGRETTI and LOWNY CHOCOLATES
AND ALL KINDS OF FANCY CANDIES

510 Water Street

=====

You Buy From the Best When You Buy From a "Student" Advertiser

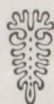
YES, ALL THE NEW HOLIDAY GOODS ARE IN AND AWAIT YOUR
CHOOSING. VARIETY IS LARGER AND BETTER
THAN EVER

WAGENSEIL'S

MEN'S FURNISHINGS AND HATS

Aikman's

BUTTER KRUST
BREAD



Port Huron Bread Co.

Evan's
Grocery

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY
YOUR EATABLES

EVERYTHING IN STAPLE AND
FANCY GROCERIES
AND FRUITS

330 Military Street

Phone 145

The cows are in the pasture,
The sheep are in the grass,
But all the little goosies
Are in the Freshman class.

"STORE OF CHARACTER"

FINE DRY GOODS

Eichhorn & Hogan

Water Street

Port Huron

"Patronize "Student" Advertisers"

PIANOS AND PLAYER PIANOS

JOHN J. BELL

VICTROLAS—EVERYTHING IN MUSIC—RECORDS

106 Huron Avenue

Phone 486-J

PARK CLEANING WORKS

DYEING, CLEANING, PRESSING, REPAIRING

Opposite City Hall—414 Huron Avenue— Phone 910-M

WE CALL AND DELIVER

M. Ullenbruch

FLORIST



535 WATER STRET

STEP IN STYLE

Walk-Overs

McElroy's

Customer—"I dozen eggs, please."

Clerk—"What for?"

Customer—"Why to eat, man; did you think I wanted them to throw at the cat?"

Parra Millinery

304 Huron Avenue

CORRECT STYLES AND PRICES

We Solicit Your Patronage

Buy That Xmas Present From a "Student" Advertiser

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IS AT

JACOB JACOBI'S

ELEGANT LINE OF TIES, GLOVES, SHIRTS, MUFFLERS,

We Are Sole Agents for Kuppenheimer Clothing

A. L. MINNIE

MEAT MARKET

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Phone 3398

Port Huron

614 Water Street



Conkleman's Cafe



PASSED



FLUNKED!

Miller's Professional Pharmacy

PRESCRIPTIONS OUR SPECIALTY

Experts in Charge of our Amateur Department. 8 Hour Service

20 Minute Delivery Service to Any Part of the City

602 Water Street

Port Huron, Mich.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, CUFF LINKS, GOLD PENDANTS
BROOCHES, RINGS, CAMEO RINGS, DIAMOND RINGS
A FULL LINE OF ROGERS' 1847 SILVERWARE
UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, MITTENS AND YARD GOODS

HOFFMANN'S

619 Water Street

Phone 1039

Mention the "Student" When Buying Her Xmas Present

IF YOU WANT THE BEST
FOOTWEAR
YOUR MONEY WILL BUY
SEE

GRAY & SON

Central Drug & Art Store

229 Huron Avenue

PICTURES, CHINA, STATIONERY—CARDS FOR XMAS
PICTURE FRAMING

513 Huron Avenue

Phone 119

HIGH SCHOOL RESTAURANT

Brain Food a Specialty

H. A. Davis

- Hash Slinger

—MENO—

OLIVE HAT(S)CH

Roasted Baer

Endlich's Wunderbar Bread

SNYDER'S CATSUP

FRIED TURCK

Carlisle's Ice Cream

Limberg(er)

Cheese

Our Cooking

is

done by A. Cook

H. A. Carlisle

CARLISLE'S

THE ICE CREAM SUPREME

LET US PUT THE PUNCH IN YOUR PARTY

You Buy From the Best When You Buy From a "Student" Advertiser

K. H. Hubbard

JEWELER AND OPTOMETRIST

A Complete Line of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware. Fine Clock,
Watch and Jewelry Repairing. Order your class rings or pins at

508 Water Street

Xmas Sale of Millinery

Everything in the line of
Trimmed Hats will be sold
at prices to clear from 1-4 to
1-2 off. A good selection to
choose from.

Mrs. A. M. Collinson

213 Huron Avenue

White Grape Juice

SPECIAL PRICE ON
CASE LOTS

Geo. A. Shields

PHONE SIXTY

Mrs. Crane—"Will this state ever be dry?"

H. Hill—"No, not if it keeps on raining."

H. Parsons (in restaurant)—"Do you serve crabs here?"

H. Lane (waiter)—"Sure! we serve all customers alike."

612 Water Street

Phone 919-W

For the best assortment of home made Baked Goods go to

Garner's Bakery

"TRY OUR HOME MADE PIES"

"Patronize "Student" Advertisers

The Serveself Restaurant

Good Cooking and Service

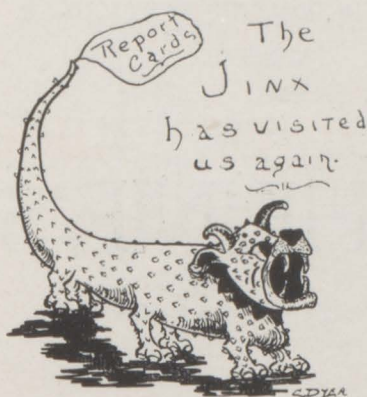
Huron Avenue at the Bridge

Where You Can Serve Yourself or Have a Waiter Just as You Prefer

Visit Our Stag Dining Room, Open from 5 a. m. to 2 a. m.

Phone 54 to Reserve Tables

We Cater to Parties, Balls and Weddings



S. S. Kresge
Company
5 & 10c Store

KRESGE'S MEANS QUALITY

REMEMBER

A. ZAKOOR & CO.

FOR THE CHOICE FRUITS, CANDY AND CIGARS
AND STRICTLY FRESH NUTS, 15c POUND

Water Street

Phone 1322-J

THOMPSON & MYRON

—DENTISTS—

603-4-5 Meisel Building

Phone 1020

Port Huron, Mich.

Buy That Xmas Present From a "Student" Advertiser

If you make Knox's your headquarters, it matters little whether you

DO YOUR
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
EARLY OR LATE

You will always be assured the same service and satisfaction

KNOX DRY GOODS CO.

AN UNUSUALLY FINE SELEC-
TION OF USEFUL

Christmas Gifts

—AT—

Boyce Hardware Company

923, 925 Military St.

Phone 84

IF YOU'RE PARTICULAR
GO TO

HEINIE'S

The Booster Barber Shop

Opposite Hotel Harrington

Mr. Jones—"I gave my wife a rainbow kiss when I left home this morning."

Mr. Smith—"What in the world is a rainbow kiss?"

Mr. Jones—"One, that follows a storm."

Riverside Printing Co.

PRINTERS AND STATIONERS
"EVERYTHING FOR THE OFFICE"
PORT HURON

Mention the "Student" When Buying Her Xmas Present

HARRY ADAMS

—DRUGGIST—

808 Military Street

Port Huron, Mich.

DID YOU KNOW

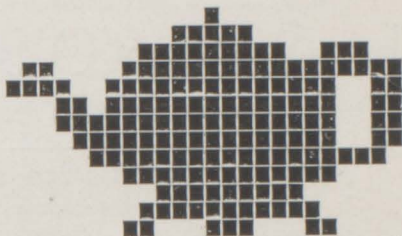
—That—

THE MARY JANE TEA SHOP

Makes a Specialty of
UNUSUAL DISTINCTIVE AND
PRACTICAL GIFTS?

The Newest Designs in Christmas
Cards

Also DELIGHTFUL LUNCHES
from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.—Saturday
Night Supper—5:30 to 7



Third Floor—Knox Dry Goods Co.

Latin II, Soph.—“Caesar crossed the river in a ford.”

Miss Brown—“What’s your native language, please? Did
you ever see a ford?”

A Freshie coming home in tears, “Mamma!”

“What is it darling?”

“I only got 96 in my Latin examination, Mamma.”

Miss Brown—“Translate Hope,”

Hope Phillips—“I didn’t get it.”

Miss Brown—“No hope.”

W. J. SCOTT

BUILDER OF MODERN HOMES

319 Quay Street

Phone 488

You Buy From the Best When You Buy From a “Student” Advertiser

CHRISTMAS LINE OF
LOWNEY'S, SCHRAFT'S and BUNTE CHOCOLATES
In Fancy Boxes

D. M. GRAZIADEI

916 Military Street

The Amadon-O'Sullivan Printing Co.

DOES GOOD PRINTING AND GIVES PROMPT SERVICE

SEE US FOR SALES BOOKS

531 Water Street

Down Stairs

LET MITCHELL
MAKE YOUR NEXT SUIT TO YOUR MEASURE

\$17.00 MADE UP IN ANY STYLE **\$17.00**

MITCHELL, The Tailor

924 Military Street

Margaret Balkwell (speaking of B. Sunday)—“His sermon on ‘Booze’ is certainly great.”

B. Warren—“Yes, he is always so full of his subject.”

IT'S A HARD NUT TO CRACK
BUT WE'VE CRACKED IT

Bring your shopping lists to us and we will solve your problem of
Christmas Shopping
Kodaks, Stationery, Books, Etc.

MacTAGGART'S

“The Christmas Store”

“Patronize “Student” Advertisers

The Beans What Am!!

MICHIGAN BEAN CO.

SPERRY'S

FOR EVERYTHING

WHERE QUALITY, SERVICE AND LOW PRICES
PREDOMINATE

WHAT WE SAY WE DO, WE DO DO

HERMAN J. HILL, D. D. S.

9-10 BRICKER BLOCK

Office, 655-J

Residence 531-J

PORT HURON, MICH.

Akers Grocery Company

802 Lapeer Avenue

THE BEST TO EAT
IN GROCERIES AND TABLE SUPPLIES

Buy That Xmas Present From a "Student" Advertiser

McKanlass Orchestra

PORT HURON'S FAMOUS MUSICAL ORGANIZATION

FINE MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Phone 1234-J

Residence 717 Superior Street

HAVEY & COMPANY

CHOICE GROCERIES AND MEATS

628 Water Street

Poultry and Game in Season

Telephone No. 193

Michigan Beef a Specialty

Goods Delivered Promptly

Central Trims P. H. H. S.

Central Barber Shop

229 Huron Avenue

Mention the "Student" When Buying Her Xmas Present

Dr. M. L. DeBats

—DENTIST—

Phones—Office 520-J Residence 1043

Fourth Floor Meisel Building

—LET—

A. C. Collver & Son

931 Pine Grove Avenue

Supply you with your

Christmas Groceries, Fruits, Nuts
and Vegetables

You Will Be Satisfied

Best of Delivery Service to Any Part
of the City

Telephone your orders early

PHONE 518

CANDIES

FOR CHRISTMAS

FOSS, OF BOSTON

NUNALLY, OF ATLANTA

10c to \$5.00 Per Box

Fresh by Express

Leave your orders now and be sure
of getting your box

Earl B. Mackay & Co.

927 Military Street

Phone 318-J

"THEY MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD"

Miss Richards in English IV—"I read the test papers of
the first hour class last night before I went to bed, and I
dreamed that I was teaching in a home for the feeble minded."

Phone 987

515 Quay Street

THE IDEAL CLEANERS

—TAILORS—

Fancy Dry and Steam Cleaning, Pressing, Altering and Repairing
Goods Called For and Delivered—"Satisfaction Guaranteed"

Fine Work

W. E. THORPE

Prompt Service

You Buy From the Best When You Buy From a "Student" Advertiser

Wright, Hoyt & Co.

Incorporated

INSURANCE UNDERWRITERS

Port Huron, Mich.

Telephone 636

903 Sixth Street

High-Grade Shoes At Cut Prices

YOUNG MEN'S SHOES

Patent, Dull Calf and Vivi Kid, All
Styles, \$4.50 to \$5.00 Value

CUT PRICE \$2.98



WOMEN'S SHOES

All the Latest Styles, two toned with
Black Vamp, Colored Tops
\$5.00 and \$6.00 Value

The CUT PRICE \$3.98
R. & W. Shoe Co.



In buying a car in the \$1,000 price field, a prospect considers the prime requisites of Reliability, Economy, Performance and Appearance. Our service records show the Chalmers Six-30 to be 99.21 per cent perfect. So much for reliability. From the standpoint of economy, Chalmers Acceleration Day, participated in by 693 dealers, produced a grand average of 22 1-3 miles to the gallon of gasoline. Owners of Chalmers Six-30's are obtaining adequate mileage for every gallon of gas.

Bert B. Hyde

514-516 Broad Street

Patronize "Student" Advertisers

S E R V I C E

OUR MOTTO



Port Huron Gas & Electric Co.

PHONE 86

The Home of Better Shoes

Special Agents for
the Famous

"ARMSTRONG"

Shoes for Women and the World's
Best in Men's, the Celebrated

"NETTLETON"

**FORMAN SHOE
COMPANY**

Next to Commercial Bank

Henson's

ADLER ROCHESTER

"TOWN TOGS"

ARE DESIGNED BY MEN WHO
KNOW

FOR YOUNG MEN

DROP IN AND GIVE THEM THE
ONCE OVER

220 Huron Avenue

Phone 420

This Year of All Years

IS THE YEAR TO BUY WATCHES AND DIAMONDS FOR
CHRISTMAS AS PRICES HAVE NOT ADVANCED
MUCH AS YET

BUY NOW AS THE PRICE IS SURE TO BE HIGHER NEXT YEAR

C. W. MOSHER

JEWELER

The Store With the Street Clock

209 Huron Avenue

WHEN SELECTING YOUR *Christmas Gift*

Follow the lead of the hundreds of wise and prudent buyers and visit Port Huron's leading music merchandising institution.

BUSH & LANE PIANO CO.

Makers—Not Agents

—Makers of—

The Famous Bush & Lane Upright and Grand Pianos, the Celebrated Bush & Lane and Victor Cecelian Player Pianos, the Old Reliable and Well Known Farrand Pianos and Player Pianos, Bush & Lane Talking Machines

525 Water Street

White Block
